*Petr.* *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
*Hor.* Her father *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
*Petr.* I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie mee thither.
*Gru.* I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope-tricks. Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
*Hor.* Tarrie *Petruchio* I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
*Gru.* *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
*Hor.* Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguiſ'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter

Well



Well ſeene in muſicke, to inſtru
That ſo I may by this deuice at l
Haue leaue and leiſure to make
And vnſuſpected court her by h

*Enter Grèmio and*

*Gru.* Heere's no knauerie. S
the young folkes lay their heads
about you: Who goes there?
*Hor.* Peace *Grumio*, it is th
*Petruchio* ſtand by a while.
*Grumio.* A propper ſtripling
*Gremio.* Oh very well, I haue
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them v
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at a
And ſee you reade no other Le
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and b
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Ta
And let me haue them verie wel
For ſhe is ſweeter then Perfume
To whom they go to: what wil
*Luc.* What ere I reade to her
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo a
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtil
Yea and perhaps with more ſucc
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſc
*Gre.* Oh this learning, what
*Gru.* Oh this Woodcocke, v
*Petru.* Peace ſirra.
*Hor.* *Grumio* mum: God ſaue
*Gre.* And you are wel met, S
Trow you whither I am going
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the
And by good fortune I haue lig
On this yong man: For learning
Fit for her turne, well read in Po
And other bookes, good ones, I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.